Harvard's Summer School in the New Hampshire Hills.

shore of Squam Lake-still the "mountain-girdled Squam," of the poet Whitsire mountains, among which Chocurda, dents from the Lawrence Scientific School ting in figuring the results. with their instructors and camp follow-100 students.

and including one small hill and a portion of outdoor sports. of another, extends back from the water's edge toward Red Hill, about 2,000 feet high and well known both for the beauty of its view and the important scientific either a dwelling or a cultivated field. The larly fitted for its new uses. Mount Israel, crowned with a beacon of the United mark on the north, on the west Mount ous, and High Haith, jutting out into the combines with the Squam mountains and further the value of what might be called | ping of triangulations. The higher prob a natural laboratory for the study at first hand of the varied problems of the survevor, the railroad engineer, and the geo-

The movement which has thus turned the spot where the Canadian Indians frequently camped on their way to attack the early settlers of New England into a permanent modern camp for the advancement of one of the most civilizing professions has been almost six years in developing and is due to the policy of the engineering department at Harvard, being the outcome of the belief that all instruction in the more practical courses should be given where the actual application of abstract principles can be made immediately, and where the student may come in direct personal contact with the natural obstacles which theoretically, he is learning to overcome. A beginning was made six summers ago at Martha's Vineyard, where a few students went for a short course in practical surveying. Gradually more summer work was attempted, larger parties sent out, and this year the metamorphosis is complete. In fact, all the future instruction of the University in

chief engineer in charge of the survey, he is in fact the governor of a lively, wide awake, and vigorous colony, though less difficult to manage than one might at first suppose, since its members are at work eight hours a day and the course is not one that appeals to idlers. As his lieutenants Mr. Turner has four recent graduates of the engineering course-assistant engineers in charge of different corps, to use the phraseology of a practical survey. These men, like Mr. Turner himself, have had previous experience in the actualities of a camping expedition, and have under them a steward and a corps of helpers to prepare the camp mess and look after the outfit-no small matter when one considers the number of knives, forks, spoons, kettles, blankets, and other Impedimenta needed by ninety-odd men who are "roughing it" in the woods.

YOUNG ENGINEERS IN CAMP | matical knowledge necessary to fit them for the course. Once in camp, however, they live with the regularity of soldiers on campuign, or, to use a more fitting figure, of a genuine survey preparing the way for a great railroad or Government enterprise. The arangement of their work is an excellent example of the system under which such enterprises are The University Purchases a Tract of regularly conducted. The ninety-four stu-Four Hundred Acres With Beauti- dents are divided into parties of four er ful and Historic Surroundings- five, each with one member in charge as The Plans for the Coming Course. transitman or levelman, and with the others acting as linesmen, rodmen, and BOSTON, June 29, 1901.-On the eastern | chainmen as the case may be. This is the unit of the system and as in an actual working survey, each assistant engineer tier-amidst a wilderness of New Hamp- has under his direction a corps consisting of three or four of these smaller parties majestically visible toward the northeast, and communicates the instructions of the is perhaps the best known, Harvard Uni- chief eagineer, Mr. Turner, to their sevyersity has this year established a sum- eral heads or captains. In the smaller mer school of engineering which, unlike parties there is a constant rotation of offimost summer schools, is regularly con- cers, so that each man gets personal exnected with the courses of instruction perience in all the branches of the work, that occupy the winter terms. The little keeping his own field note book, working colony, which comprises ninety-four stu- up his own notes, and doing his own plot-

The working day begins at 7:30, breakers, marks the first real settlement of this fast being at 6:30, and continues until 4 in particular spot since the defeat of the the afternoon. Half an hour is allowed Pemigewasset Indians by Baker's Rangers | for luncheon and the individual student in 1712 and the removal of the tribe itself | who has fallen behind his comrades in to Canada. The permanence of the new the day's work makes up the loss during settlement-the Harvard Engineering the recreation hours. Recreation itself is Camp, as it will henceforth be called-is not a difficult problem, for the region assured by the fact that the university labout Squam Lake has all the outdoor athas purchased 400 acres of land adjoining tractions that make camping expeditions the take and is erecting substantial camp so popular a method of spending the sumbuildings large enough to accommodate mer months and with so large a body of college undergraduates camped together The tract itself, heavily wooded in part | there is no lack of material for any form

The beginning of the summer's work is, of course, elementary. When the camp is opened the students start together at the very beginning of their profession, masinformation that modern geology has tering first the details of pacing and gathered from its gray slenite ledges. It | chaining-the simplest problems, in short, is surrounded by thousands of acres of in establishing the initial data for enginunoccupied country through which one eering work-and so on by degrees to the can go for twenty miles without seeing use of the different field instruments, such as the compass, transit, level, sexcharacter of the country is thus particu- tant, and theodolite. In the second month foundation work in geodesy-or, roughly speaking, the measurement of the earth's States Coast Survey, is a prominent land- surface whether from one corner of a field to another or from one mountain peak to Morgan and Mount Prescott are conspicu- a second-will be undertaken, including base-line measurements with the steel lake and cutting in two the southern view, tape, angle observations, astronomical observations in determining latitude and the other lesser peaks to increase still longitude, with the computation and maplem of measuring the earth's surface however, is not undertaken, the geodetic work being confined to the needs of the practice, engineer. The last month of the course promises

to be in many ways the most picturesque of any. It will devoted to the study of railroad field engineering, and will include the laying out of a prospective railroad system connecting various points in the great outdoor workshop and presenting a ing the breeding season, to see that the series of real and difficult problems. Here the students will make practical "preliminary surveys" for railroads between such points as the instructors designate, working up their field notes and making compiete estimates of the amount of "filling" and "cutting" necessary to establish the straight and level bed of the proposed railroad, how many bridges and culverts would be necessary to overcome the natural obstacles in its course, and the other technical data upon which a contractor could in turn base his own estimate for the actual building of the road.

Although the camp itself will be maintained as such, the university has undertaken the construction of several twofield engineering is to be given during the story buildings with work rooms, dining summer months of June, July, and Au- rooms, a kitchen, and sleeping rooms. The gust, in this natural workshop in the New largest of these buildings will be seventy dependently for his food, and lives on inlength and will contain The government of the camp is in the room with a great fireplace for comfort on ever morsels he can pick up. Their hands of Mr. Daniel L. Turner, instructor rainy evenings. This season, as the build- growth is rapid. When cold weather in surveying, who has already had the ings are not all completed, the students management of the smaller parties which | will have the novel experience of unadulbegan the movement. While he may be terated tent life, living, except that they called the principal of the summer school | will sleep without fear of possible Indian of engineering, or, to be more exact, the attacks, much the same rough and ready, yet disciplined but-door-life as was led by the great survey that, some forty years ago, first carried railroading, and

FRESH WATER PEARLS. Valuable Gems Found in the Stream

H. E. Staley, with a number of hands, left here this morning for east Tennessee on a pearling expedition. They expect to be gone until fall. The pearl industry at this place has grown to be the greatest source of revenue, thousands of dollars' worth being handled every year, W. B. Foster and J. H. Wingham are now in New York with about \$10,000 worth of pearls, which they will place on the mar-ket. There are several other dealers here who are doing a thriving business. Smithville has gained the reputation of being one of the highest pearl markets in the As a rule the members of this unique surveying party—with the exception of the chief and assistant engineers—have had no previous instructions in surveying, going into camp only with the mathe-

Threatened Scarcity of Sea Food Developing New Industries.

The Famous Terrapin of Maryland and Virginia Not Well Protected erly. by the 6ame Laws-Steps Taken to Prevent Violations of the Statutes.

Chester K. Green. Superintendent of the fish lakes in the Monument lot, said recently that despite the efforts of the Fish Commission the supply of fish in the streams and lakes throughout the country is growing less and less every year, scarcity of sea food is beginning to inspire and develop new industries, Sooner or later the lakes and the streams and the sea will be cultivated like the land, and we will be buying and selling broad acres of water farms as we now do land

The census shows that the fisheries of the United States already produce food to the value of \$45,000,000, which can be inreased up into the billions in a few years. Already the oyster industry has reached clossal proportions and the raising of terrapin is an established industry, although an expiring one, through the failure of the Maryland State Government to protect it. Maryland is the home of the errapin. Formerly on the Eastern Shore of the State terrapin were so plentiful that a good-sized turtle could be bought for 25 cents, now it costs \$5 to get as good one. They were so plentiful up to the ime of the civil war that they were the principal food of the slaves in the "black ounties" along Chesapeake Bay. Now the terrapin is so scarce that the Legislature of Maryland has recently passed a aw for their protection. The law pronibits people from catching the terrapin during the breeding season, which begins

But already is there an organized evaion of the law, which imposes a penalty of \$10 for every turtle caught or offered for sale in the State during the breeding season. Like most game laws they are not operative to the extent of their intention owing to the lack of uniformity in the game laws of other and especially eighboring States. . As in the case of Maryland, it is demonstrated that the law will not accomplish its purpose unless the Virginia Legislature makes a similar enactment, for the Maryland fishermen, when they get a boatload of terrapin land on the Virginia side of the river and ship from that State instead of from their

The little town of Crisfield, on the Castern Shore of Maryland, is the centre of the terrapin trade, and Jrmes C. Tawes, Maryland State Fish Commission er, has moved down there, to remain durnew law is enforced. Terrapin begin to deposit their eggs about the middle of May. The female seeks a sandy spot and scratching a hole in the sand lays from twelve to twenty eggs in it. These she covers over carefully with sand, and goes her way, leaving the heat from the sand to hatch out her brood. The eggs hatch in about thirty days. The young turtles, as soon as they emerge from the shell, begin to scramble to the surface. When they are first hatched, they look not unlike the little oyster crab, and are about the same size. They are not guarded by their parents, and must shift for themselves without aid or a commissary department to provide sustenance for

The young terrapin has to forage inects the flesh of fish, crabs, and whatcomes the little fellows burrow down in the mud and hibernate there all winter until April comes around, when they crawl out, three or four inches long. It is one of the mysteries of nature that grows to a number of times his size at her any harm." the time he entered his winter quarters. lustrates the ability of turtles to grow ordinary turtle was captured and evis cerated, the entire digestive tract, including stomach and intestines, was removed, and the turtle placed in a small pool near the museum building. The turtie was weighed after the operation and watched carefully during the summe months. In the fall it was taken out of the pool and again weighed, when it was found that not only had there been an increase in dimensions, but in weight also. The terrapin will grow to be six inches long during the second year, and when in the third year it reaches seve inches or more it is ready for market.

prices which the turtle brings, which is from \$2 to \$5 apiece. Terrapin hide in the THE ORIGIN OF SURNAMES. sand Gr mud when pursued, but always leave a breathing hole which the experienced eye of the terapin hunter recog-

nizes on sight and a dig of the fork soon unearths him. It requires little capital to raise terrapin, but the location of the farm is very important because the sun and soil must be exactly fitted to breed prop-The United States Fish Commission is

advocating the raising of fish on farms when water can be obtained, either in natural or artificial ponds. George M. Bowers, the Fish Commissioner, believes that if every farmer, who could do so, would raise his own fish, either for his own consumption, or for the market, a permanent and profitable industry would soon be established. This is the method employed by the Japanese who have developed this ludustry to a profitable extent. The farmer, Mr. Bowers thinks could raise fish for market as profitably as chickens, pork, and grain. It does not require a large area of ground surface. although the fish require a certain number of cubic feet of water. Mr. Bowers believes that on farms in the interior fish ponds can be created wherever there is access to a running stream or springs. The fresh water fish pond involves only a little digging, the erection of wire screens to prevent the fish from escaping, and a supply of vegetable and animal life to furnish the fish with food, plant life being more desirable for young fish espe-

After the pond has been stocked with fish, which the United States Fish Commission will gladly furnish, it will require no more attention to look after the welfare of the fish than is given to strawberries or vegetable beds. Where a pond can be fed from a running stream it is to be preferred. Josiah Massey, of Chestertown, Md., has a fish farm of two acres which contains black basss, perch, and other fish. The water was supplied from a small stream by draining it. The stream April 1 and extends to the 1st of Novem- is formed from the overflow of a large spring near the house. He was thus secured a small lake of pure spring water, shaded partially by a grove of trees. The fish are fed night and morning on scraps from the kitchen and table. The pond was stocked by the Fish Commission and after two years it has yielded about 300 pounds of good, marketable fish annually.

TAUGHT MRS. M'KINLEY.

Mrs. Susan Morgan Gave Primary Lessons to the President's Wife. In a little house on a back street, and almost "out in the country" lives Mrs. Susan S. Morgan, a dear little old lady. And years ago, when Mrs. Morgan was known as "the pretty Miss Spiker," she taught school. Not a little country school, but she was at the head of the whole primary department, as the schools were then divided. Some 300 little children were under her care, and of these there was one very pretty little girl, with a round face, rosy cheeks, and merry, dancing eyes. This little girl was Ida Saxton, now the wife of President McKinley.

It was in 1853 that Mrs. Morgan, who now lives in Denver, taught Mrs. William McKinley her A B C's, and how to add those first sums, of which the child is so

"No," said Mrs. Morgan, as she thought reflectively of those maiden days, "there was nothing unusual about Ida as a little child. She was a very pretty little girl and a very good little girl. She always worked earnestly, but she was only five years old. She had a very lovable and gentle disposition and always seemed to be the favorite in her group of playmates. Yes, how well I remember that bright little face." And again Mrs. Morgan went back in thought to that first public school

"Ida's father, you know," she contined, "was president of the first public school board there. He was a very public-spirited man and very progressive, too, for those days. He insisted that his daughter should go to a public school, which, to people in those days, was a while in this dormant, or hibernating very terrible thing. Ida Saxton went state, the terrapin eats nothing, and yet through, and I can't see that it has done

Mrs. Morgan, then Miss Spiker, was the An interesting experiment was tried at first teacher employed in what were then the Agaziz Museum at Harvard, which ilwas shown in Canton in the introduction and take on weight without eating. An of these schools, but after Mr. Saxton ent his little daughter there the feeling against them lessened. He was one of the wealthy citizens of Canton and much

looked up to.
"I knew the family very well," said
Mrs. Morgan, "and was often invited to
their house to parties or to supper or
something of that sort. I have an invitation from them now that I have always

kept."

And from a box of treasures and keep-sakes she brought out a faded bit of pa-per that had invited Susan Spiker "to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. Saxton," Mrs. Morgan is nearly seventy seven ears old now and remembers as though I were yesterday the time when she aught Ida Saxton to make her first let-Terrapin culture is carried on in several sections of Maryland, and is becoming a profitable business owing to the nigh

No Clear Record of the Time They First Came Into Use.

The Confusion Incident to the Enrly To distinguish an individual by the name Flood of Similar Baptismal Cog. the Various Trades and Callings.

There is no very clear record of the time when surnames first came into regular use. No doubt the process was a very gradual one and its epoch varied in different countries, but that they were general at a comparatively early period of the civilization of each nation needs no insisting on. To give but a single instance, in the year 1387 Christianity first became widespread in Poland, and great numbers of men and women were baptized at one time. To simplify and expedite matters with so large a concourse it became the custom of the officiating clergy to bestow the same name upon whole batches of people who came to be admitted into the church. At one baptism, for example, the name Peter was conferred upon all the men and Catherine upon all the women. On another occasion they would all be Pauls and Margarets and so on.

Great confusion must inevitably have been the result, and the rapid adoption of a system of patronymics was the only escape from the difficulty. The origin of our word surname, formerly occasionally spelled "sirname," is often supposed to be "strename," and it was indeed only in the nature of things that the earliest kind of distinguishing second name should have reference to the parent. Our English Robinsons, Johnsons, Wilsons, and so forth are as common, ancient, and characteristic as the Scotch Macs and the Irish O's, which mean the same thing. The Mac, it need scarcely be said, though often considered essentially Scotch, is common to the two nations, as witness the well-known doggerel:

By Mac' and O' you'll always know True Irishmen, they say; But if they lack both G' and Mac' No Irishmen are they.

While "Mac" may be translated son, "O" is more properly grandson. The Norman equivalent is "Fitz," a corruption of "fils." The Russian termination "witz" signifies the same word, as also the Pol ish "sky." With regard to the Welsh "ap," which also means son, matters stand rather differently; for in this case "ap" is a separate word, and is not incorporated in the whole name except as a corruption; also it may be introduced an indefinite number of times in the samappellation, so that a Welsh surname car convey a complete genealogy and be moreover, one of the longest words in civilization. It is a common joke to laugh at a Welshman for his long list of ancestors with the connecting "aps."

There is an old story of an Englishman, foreign to the principality and its ways, riding after dark near a ravine from which issued a cry for assistance from one who had callen in.

"Who's there?" shouted the Englishman. "Jenkins-ap-Griffith-ap-William-ap-Rees-ap-Evan-ap-Robin," came the reply. "Lazy fellows, half-a-dozen of you, why can't you help each other out!" exclaimed the Englishman, ignorant of the fact that he was addressing but one man. The corruption of the "ap" has led to s

number of common modifications of old Weish names, as Price for ap-Rhys, Pritchard for ap-Richard, Powell for ap-Howell; and many others, Probert, Probyn, Pugh, Penry, as also-the "b" being similar to the "p"-Bevan, Barry, and the -that which simply puts the Christian name into the genitive c se-has con ributed many of our commonest surnames, as Jones, 1. .. John's, Harry's-Harris, Williams, Hushes, etc. The roots of our family names, as of

our families themselves, have sprung from among many nations and many tongues. There are well-nigh innumerable cases in England of surnames which point unmistakably to the foreign country, and frequently, too, actual neighborhood or towns even, from which the family originally migrated, though no other kind of record may exist to prove that, in far-off time, they came from over seas. Of the original Anglo-Saxon there are some few survivals. Some can be traced in the termination "ing," which among Teutonic people signified "offspring." Browning and Whiting in this way would mean the dark or fair children.

Place-names from Normandy and Britany are very common, as might be supposed. D'Arcy, Nevill, Ferrers, Devereux, Warren, Percy, Marmion, Tankerville, St. Aubin, Lascelle, Moley-all these and many others can readily be referred to their original birthplaces. In others, through corruption of the word, the locallty is not so easy to trace, though still there—as, for example, the name St. Maure, which, by process of time, has

we now know only in its English surname as Vallance, etc. Some of our names, again, have a Netherland birthplace, as Gaunt, which was originally Ghent; St. Leger, and Brydges, which last is a corruption, in all probability, of Bruges. It needs no pointing out how easily place names can become family names. of his home, birthplace, or residence was nomens-Vast Contributions From a ready means of securing his identity In rural districts and among a population that continued for generations in the same homesteads, place names would be given from trivial features of locality as Wood and Hill and Lane and Dak In this connection we can find a number of ancient words for country objects which have long ago become obsolete and forgotten. "Cowdray," for instance, in olden days signified a grove of hazel; 'Garth" is old English for yard; "Hithe for a haven; "Garnett" for a granary; 'Shaw" for a small wood. The commo surname Head is really a place name, 'Head' being a frequent term for a promontory or cape, as Beachy Head, The suffix "bee," as in Ashbee, Holmbee,

come to stand as Seymour; Valoias, which

The name Dean is not from the church dignitary, but signifies a hollow or dell, whence we get Dean Forest and Arden. Another word still in common use in certain parts of England for the same thing is "bottom." Higginbottom thus means the dell where the "hicken" or mountainash flourished. "Beckett" is a little brook, still called a beck in the north; "boys" is the English corruption of "bots," a wood, "Donne" means a down, "Holt" a grove, and "Hurst" a corpse. "Stead," of course, "Lynne" is a pool, "Law" once meant a hill, and "Horner" a corner. "Townsend" would signify "the town's end." "Brock" was the old term for a badger-hence Broxbourne and other similar titles; while "gos," as in Gosford and other examples, nerely referred to a goose.

is a survival of the Danish "By" a habita-

It is needless to say that a vast majority of English surnames, among which are to be numbered our very commonest, are derived from trades and callings-Smith, and Baker, and Turner, and Taylor, and others past enumerating. Here, too, we may trace ancient words which have since completely dropped out. "Chaucer" and "Sutor" are to us now perfectly meaningless, but long ago they both signified a shoemaker. A "Pilcher' formerly made greatcoats, a "Reeder" thatched buildings with reeds or straw. A "Latimer" was a writer of Latin for legal and such like purposes.

An "Arkwright" was a maker of the great meal-chests or "arks" which were formerly essential pieces of household furniture. "Tucker" was a fuller, "Lorimer" a saddler, "Launder" or "Lavender" a washerman, "Tupper" made tubs, "Jenner" was a joiner, "Barker" a tanner, "Dexter" a charwoman, "Banister" kent a bath. "Sanger" is but a corruption of singer or minstrel, "Bowcher" of butcher, "Milner" of miller, "Forster" of forester. A Chapman was a merchant; the ancestors of the Colemans and Woodyers sold those indispensable commodities in former generations.

Wagners were wagoners, and Naylors made nails. A "Kemp" was once a term for a soldier; a "Vavasour" held rank between a knight and a baron. Certain oldfashioned Christian names, or quaint corruptions of them, have given rise to patronymics which, at first sight, might appear hard to interpret. Everyone is aware that Austin is identical with Augustin; but the name Anstice is not so generally known to be but a shortening of Anastasius. Ellis, too, was originally derived from Elias. Hood, in like manner, is but a modern corruption of the removed from the once not uncommon Christian name Everard; while even Stignorthern "Stigand."-London Standard.

(From the Boston Transcript.) cided without more appeal to the senses stroke, than obtains in the most common operation of peaceful industry of the commonof battle there is a splendid intoxication tame and spiritiess. It would be a deathblow to the sensuous glory of war to sub-stitute machinery for horses or it would certainly have that tendency. But there

A Shortcoming of Soldiers That Constitutes a Crime. Forty Men of the British Army Paying Penalties in Dartmoor Jail for a Serious Offence-Could Not Keep Their Heavy-Lidded Eyes Open.

SLEEPING WHILE ON DUTY.

In one of his Majesty's prisons in this country are forty men who have committed no offence against the civil laws of the land, but who will shortly be transferred to Dartmoor, where they will serve terms of penal servitude in close association with common felons, life-long thieves, would-be murderers, or blackmallers.

Last week some of these men were ransferred from a local prison to Dartmoor, and while being transferred they were, no doubt by routine, chained to ordinary convicts, men who have committed zocial crimes against the community. The sentences of the forty men vary from three to ten years' penal servitude. Yet they are not common felous, like the men with whom they are herded. The sole offence of which they have

been convicted is that of sleeping when they should have been awake. They are soldiers, or perhaps they should now be called ex-soldiers, of the King, who fell asleep at the post of duty in South Africa. One of them is a young volunteer of good family, sentenced to eight years' penal servitude for this offence. Many of the men have protested with tears that is a farmhouse and its surroundings. they fell asleep through sheer exhaustion after a long day's toil.

In the local prisons, to which these delinquent soldiers of the King are first taken on arriving in custody from South Africa, a proper distinction is drawn between the faulty soldier or erring volunteer and the oft condemned jail bird. They are kept apart, take exercise apart. and wear different dress. The man who has fought for his country and then made a terrible blunder is not classed with the forger and the moral degenerate. But in the convict prison the difference disappears. They are all convicts, the volun-

teer included. The knowledge of this fact has already created intense indignation in the limited tircle in which it has traveled. The War Office regards the treatment of its prisoners in this way as a regrettable incldent which it cannot help. There have been, it is pleaded, so many military prisoners for various offences that the prison arrangements are pressed.

Nevertheless, the War Office holds that it is necessary to make severe examples of men who sleep on duty. It is further suggested that men are not sentenced for long terms merely for sleeping on duty, and that if they are sentenced for more than two years they are dismissed from the army with ignominy and cease to be soldiers. So the War Office washes its hands of responsibility.

Against this, persons who are qualified to speak assert that most of the soldiers who have been herded with convicts are serving sentences for being found asleep and for nothing else. If they behave themselves in their convict homes these ex-soldiers will eventually be released on ticket of leave, like burglars.-The London Mail.

HOW WOLVES ARE KILLED.

Methods Used to Put the Animals Out of Existence.

Whole families of the animals are so times asphyxiated in their dens. A wolf ancient Danish Odo. Everett is not far of the grey variety generally makes its home by getting on the side of a dirt gulch and burrowing straight inward ungins can be quite safely referred to the til a safe distance from the surface is reached. There her young are born and raised to sturdy cub estate.

When a cowboy locates a den in which he believes the entire family to be gath-The Board of Ordnance and Fortifica- ered, a composite mass of cotton, satution of the United States Army is said to rated with damp flour, sulphur and other be considering the subject of motors for noxious smelling substances, is thrust ingun carriages on which the artillery to the den and set on fire. The mouth of would be propelled over a field by elec- the hole is then filled with clay stamped tricity instead of by horses. In course of down solidly, and the imprisoned wolves time the pomp and circumstances will be- are speedily suffocated within. In this entirely eliminated from the profession of way from six to ten and eleven wolves, arms, and battles will be fought and de- young and old, are wiped out at one

Another effective method is to bore four or more holes in a flat piece of board and est piece of machinery. In the evolu- plug them up with beef fat scaked in tions of the "red artillery" upon the field strychnine. The odor of the fat attracts any wolves that may be in the vicinity, which perhaps is as effective as an ex. hilerant to action upon one side as it is a cause of demoralization upon the other; but without the horses and the wardrunken drivers swiring their black whips in the air field artillery would be a death. It would be a death exhausted. and they lick the fat voraciously until the exhausted.

Strychnine enclosed in capsules is also used. The capsule is thrust into a slit-cut in a chunk of berf, and the wolf, bolting the meat hofe, falls an easy victim. Steel traps, balted with raw beef, are also tried with fair success.—Denver Republican

The Two Tramps.

They were crossing the bay when the Stop her, and we'd be long enough in accident occurred, and the young skipper starting her afresh." dug his heels very angrily into the deck planks of the bridge and listened to the adorned tale of the engineer with a superabundance of patience. The surplus expression of Mr. Jamieson was at times particularly appalling, and covered more the tune. Try her at that." than half of the story. The pith of it was this: The crank shaft of the tramp Tudor had long since seen and ended its better days, and having lately been severely

the flooring of the engine room. When the expansive account was finish-

had rubbed and then answered; "Impossible to say how long the job would take to fix." "Then we'll need to look out for a tow?" asked the captain and raised his eyes en- have to mend the job. I'd like all hands quiringly around the horizon in search of if I can have them. The job may take

would have to call upon for assistance. "That's what you'd better do," answered the engineer surilly; and he shaded his And t'e oranges will be rotten before we eyes and gazed into the far off afternoon get home. Just the luck of a first voyage sunlight, seeing the word "sack" written skipper." large over his job in the Tudor. "I've done the best I can," he added after a pause. "I've driven her a clean ten knots right through from Jaffa-and-confound head lamp halyards tumbled about the tt -Pd have done it all the way to Liver- ugly seas of Biscay Bay in grim solemnity pool but for that lazy lump of a second." Well, it's not earthly use crying over

spilled milk," said the philosophical tramp the irate Jamieson.

steam winch pipe to consider the situa- average dividend-paying tramp; indeed, tion, and stared gloomly into the depths she provokingly turned her flat bows to of purple that ran in swollen periods all points of the compass and wallowed across the bay; while Hennet paced the and poked in the shimmering crested tramp's deck forward of the chartroom, swells the whole night through. fuming at the fate that had brought his Her enraged skipper watched her move ship to a standstill, and waiting for a defi-

nite decision from the engineer. "Look here, sir," said that worthy mechanic; "I might get her to go under one and the clouds heaping up in the northengine. It has been known to be done. west. Only once she started she'd have to keep About midnight, when the breeze gath-on going, and you couldn't go astern. ered heart, two sailing ships came out of

"And if you can't manage the one engine business?" enquired Bennet. "We'd have to fit another shaft. We have a spare one in the No. 3 hold." "Go ahead, then, Mr. Jamleson; that's

Then the engineer strode away, and Bennet mounted to the upper bridge; and while, below, the levers and machinery worked to the jerk of hissing steam, and worked by the hard driven engines had, much personal enunciation floated up to promise of something that lay rich to his from sheer and utter weariness of an the captain's ears, he watched anxiously, hand, sent belches of smoke from his lean overtaxed old age, fallen into sections on for any solitary puff of smoke or sign of and five-colored funnel, and bore down a steamer. In front of the foremast head to the helpless ship with all his might. ed. Captain Bennet put a question to the mation to vessels that his ship was not Tudor, then slowed his engines and rolled "Can you fix her up, and how long will came their way. For two hours the fend- of her. ers had swung lazily to the heave of the The engineer thoughtfully applied a wad Tudor, when Jamieson came on the bridge broken down?" of grease black waste to his perspiring and delivered his verdict in a rusty voice, forehead to awaken his intellect, leaving and Bennet listened with the feeling a beautiful coal-colored mark where he of despair that comes to a man who sees

his only means of livelihood flying from "It's no use," said the engineer. "We can't get the cylinder to work. -We'll

any steamer that it seemed probable they | three days, or it may be a week." "Hang it!" muttered Bennet, sticking his hands deep in his pockets. "A week?

> During the dark hours the Tudor, with two red lights swinging from her mastand it eliness.

Two gaunt and very ragged looking trysails and staysails ballooned from her spencer and forestays. Such sails would "Spilled machinery, you mean," growled hardly have been of use to an up-to-date mail boat, much less to the Tudor, built He seated himself on the casing of a as she was on the splendid lines of the

ments as he paced athwart the bridge. His anxiety grew as time dragged on, and not without cause. The barometer was falling

the north and crept swiftly, with a red eye gleaming from each bull, until they worked abaft the Tudor's beam, then vanished like weird spectres. But no steamer came, and the night trailed through to dawn and daylight.

Not until the Tudor had lain at her own sweet will full twenty-four hours did anything show up to lessen Captain Bennet's anxiety. It came in the shape of a tubbower, flat-bottomed, stump-masted, rolling, big tramp, that wallowed up from the southward through the long seas, dipping her ugly nose as she came, and exhibiting a round, rusty side to the glinting red of the sinking sun.

The stranger, no doubt seeing the signals flying from the Tudor's masthead and span, and Interpreting them as the he had hoisted two cork fenders as inti- He came shooting to within a mile of the under control; though, indeed, no vessels slowly to within a couple of ship's lengths

> "What's the matter, cap'n? Engines There was a grim smile of confident satisfaction on the hairy face of the interlocutor. He gave the man at the wheel an order, and the tramp seethed a few yards closer; then he revealed himself, a big, stout, pompous individual, and leaned over the bridge railing, while he rubbed a pair of broad tarry palms together.

"What's up?" he grinned. "You've got two balls up for'ard." "Broken down," answered the Tudor's

"Um!" grunted the other tranp's skipper as he cast a comical look fore and aft the ship, "Where from, cap'in?" "Jaffa, with a cargo of oranges my owners picked up for Liverpool." "S'pose you're in a big 'urry to get 'em

"I'm wanting a tow," said Bennet, "The engineer tells me be may be a couple of days mending up below."

"Rotten?" queried the newcomer, "Um!
The Milliades—my own barge here—ain't up to much—my own bit o' property. Pretty good looking, though, and able to drag that ramshackle affair of yours. What do property is a fair and square property. The milliance of the property is a fair and square property. "Come, that's a fair and square property."

ome-eh? Oranges soon goes bad?

you offer for a tow?"
"Two hundred and fifty pounds to Liverpool," answered Bennet modestly.
In answer to the Tudor's demand, the Mittindes' skipper raised a big hand in deprecation.
"Phew!" he said, "and who's to pay for

"Phew!" he said, "and who's to pay for the coal what's used in steaming, the grubbing of two days, and pay for the hands, I'd like to know; and wear and tear of my steamer? Besides," he added with a grin and chuckle, "do unto others as others 'ud do unto you if they got half a chance."

"Isn't 2250 sufficient?" cried Bennet,

"Don't leave scarce no margin for rofit," answered the other man coolly. I'll tell you what I will do. For £900 In take all risks of weather and so on our cargo must be worth all of £10,000. In for the ship-well, she ain't what I'd all a heauty, so we won't say much call a heauty; so we won't say much about her. Anyhow, she fetch a coup'e of thousand sold as old scrap iron. Ain't my offer fair?"

"It's an almighty pickle," muttered Bennet, for the Militades' skipper had struck home. The Tudor's cargo of sixty thousand cases of granges was worth \$10000.

home. The Tudor's cargo of sixty thou-sand cases of oranges was worth £10,000 to the owner. But this was the point: If Bennet refused a tow, and landed a bad cargo through delay caused by his brok-en shaft, he would get the blame and a permanent holiday; on the other hand, accepting assistance and arriving home with a clean cargo he might be able to

accepting assistance and arriving home with a clean cargo, he might be able to dispense with the holiday and keep his job. Still, the coup was very, very doubtful. The sword of Damocles could not be held by a finer hair.

Bennet signaled to Jamieson who stood bereath the bridge coolly grinning, and when he reached the top of the ladder the skipper ardently exhorted him to promise steam in twelve hours, or even twenty. But the engineer would not make any promises. He did not see why he should kill himself with work to save another man's neck, and said aloud something about "more jobs than church steething and about "more jobs than church steething and about "more jobs than church steething and a steethi thing about "more jobs than church stee-ples." At this Bennet spouted up an in-digestible adjective and treated the en-gineer to many vivid and lightning-like

gineer to many vivid and lightning-like prayers concerning rotten engines and unlucky tramp steamboat skippers.

Jamieson did not resent the language. On the contrary, it gave him a twinge of satisfaction, and he dropped a remark about "being in the same" box;" which insinuation brought vividly to Bennet's mind visions of tramping Mosley Street and Quayside in Geordie Land, and Water Street in Liverpool, looking for a ship, armed with thick-soled boots and much armed with thick-soled boots and much strong language, and a few small pence borrowed from a hard-up landiady to buy biscuits and beer. It was in the middle of these bad dreams that the Militades' skipper impatiently halled the bridge of the Tudor. 'My old steamboat ain't going to wait here all night for your coffee mill, cap'in." he roared, giving at the same time his

engines a touch ahead and sheering vessel close to the Tudor, "What's Three hundred and fifty," answered Bennet, nervously.
"Thank'ee very much," came the mocking reply. "Then the oranges will be per-

price."
"It is," replied the warrior's master sarcastically. "It's simply monstrous; and you'd better eat your oranges rather than chuck 'em away."

Before he had finished speaking his propeller was churning the blue water astern to a frothy milk, and Bennet watched as it wabbled slowly past the Tudor's stern.

He held his breath for one impattent min-

"Eight hundred. Not a cent less."

The unfortunate Bennet saw it as his last chance, and a glance at the uncomfortable northwest hastened his decision.

"I'll take you at that," he groaned. "I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb; and if I get hooted out by the owner I'll lay the result at your door."

"You may come to me for a job," jeered the hairy faced man, "if he sacks you. I shall be wanting a trustworthy man "Eight hundred. Not a cent less."

Miltiades. They had not been more than six hours n tow before no less than a half dozen teamers came out of the southern horizon and passed into the north. Bennet, on the bridge, watched them with glowering and hungry eyes, and as they passed cursed the folly that led him to accept assistance in such haste. Here, from this host of vessels, he could have chosen a most respectable tow, with £200 as limit, and Matthew Walker was the mas to know it. There was obsolutely no excuse for his paying such an extravagant sum as £800. Bennet almost prayed that a gale would come. "It would save my hacon, if any-thing could." he mumbled. But the weather obstinately kept fine. He went to Jamieson for sympathy, and confided to him his thoughts. The engineer became quite hearty. "Friends in distress make sorrow the less," he said. He even grinningly asked Bennet for the promise of a chief's job in the Miltiades when he should take her over, and tried to bargain for £18 a month wages. Indeed, he seemengines that the shaft was fitted and had taken a half dozen turns to his complete satisfaction the day after the Miltiades took the Tudor in hand. Bennet received took the Tudor in hand. Bennet received this piece of news very gloomlly; he saw in it another nail in his half sealed coffin. Again he cursed the steamer that had picked him out of the frying pan and hove him at his own request into the fire. He remonstrated with Jamieson.

"Look here," he said heatedly, "why didn't you tell me the job could have been patched so quickly? Surely you must have known?"

known? Jamieson smiled gently, while the greasy wrinkles on his face shone in sympathy

and dirt. "Didn't," he replied; "and it's no matter-is it? The owner can't blame you for doing the best in his interest. You have my word I couldn't promise." Full well he knew that the Tudor's own-er was not the man to take abstract con-clusions, however good, into account in Bennet's defence, while the gross results of the voyage came dangerously near comparative loss instead of affluent profit. He was not a being of that sort. He would rate the employe's worth not according to his moral or intellectual ability, but sole-He held his breath for one impatient minute; then he bawled at the top of his voice, "I'll make it £700."

The other steamer wallowed round, and her screw ceased working. A ship's length distant from the broken down tramp her skipper called triumphantiy:

Assume the minute is a capacity for increasing, and on occasions multiplying, the Tudor's exchequer. The denouement of the affaire de Tudor came unpleasantly before Bennet's mind, and he produced the effect in words.

"Well, it's all u-p," said the latter mood-

ily, "and the Tudor and I'll part company after this-my first voyage." They were talking the matter ever in the cabin, and it was while the skipper pondered further on his foggy future that he was aroused from his apathetic state by a loud and violent blast on a steam whistle. He rushed on deck to see what "You may come to me for a job." jeered the hairy faced man, "If he sacks you.
I shall be wanting a trustworthy man
for this ship after this paying job; for I'll
retire. Send a boat with your hawsers
and we'll connect your old orange box on
to my ship."

Whistle. He rushed on deck to see what
the matter was, followed by Jamieson.

Right abeam, moving slewly and losing
Mitiades; alongside the Tudor her own
hawsers trailed like white and gleaming
snakes. Bennet gazed at her for a moment looking curiously at her seil or shakes. Behatet gazed at her for a more two my ship."

Bennet, with deep forebodings, put out a boat and passed his steel wires to the militades.

III.

They had not been more than six hours gine platform, Bennet raced on to the Tudor's upper bridge, where the mate was bawling orders to haul in the wires. He rang up the engines to "slow ahead;" then he put the helm down, and the old tramp wore round under her restored machinery and cozed up to the Miltiades. Bennet stopped his angines, leaned over the bridge rail, and took a cool survey of the Miltiades' crestfallen skipper, who glared savagely but helplessly back.

"Yes, I'm all right thank you, cap-bridge rail in emphasis."

"Where are you from?" he asked at "my owner—Matthew Walker, of Newcas-tie—and teil him that I can recommend you as a thorough business man, captain. He wants people who can coin money for him. Only—don't teil him you bagged £800 for towing one of his ships a distance of 500 miles. It'll look bad, you know. Now, captain, this is the last time-big trump card. "What's your offer, any-how?"
"Call it £200."
"Yes, that's pretty decent for some old

"Call it £200."

"Yes, that's pretty decent for some old hooker that's coming home light or with a bad freight, and wants to make her dock dues; but I couldn't think of it, although I don't want to be hard on you;" not have seen it. He made answer,
"Yes, I it take you at that," he cried;
and Bennet beamed genially.

The elder man's face beamed, and he
stroked the fag ends of his goat beard
lovingly. "I'm glad you don't bear no
spite," he said, pleasantly "What would
you tow me for?"

not have seen it. He made answer.
"Yes, I'it take you at that," he cried;
"nine hundred."
"Very well, captain. I'll send my hawsers aboard again, and you may hitch on
to my steamboat that old tin coffin of
yours."
"I could not resist it," muttered Bennet, "nithough it is not wise in the have

"Call it four hundred," recled off the "You may call it what you like; but so long as you call it anything below my figure—nine hundred—captain, your on-ions will rot before they reach Liverpool, if you wait for my services. I'll remem-

ber you to Messrs. Ramshackle, Tub & Co., and tell 'em you're having good onion soup. Good night and a pleasant
time. There's some nice weather coming
shortly out of the nor'we ! "
Bennet pointed to a fiery glow on the
how where a mass of slouds banked bow, where a mass of clouds banked heavily below the failing sun; and the purple tinge of the promising storm came over the fat seas and sighed to him a melody of satisfaction and a hundred or so of weather cash into the pocket of Matthew Walker, of Newcastle.

arrived to him.

"—, your offer's vile. You'll swallow up all the earnin's of the voyage. I'll give you seven hundred," and the oar-like fist of the man who shouted thumped the

"Yes, I'm all right, thank you, captain," said Pennet, nodding his head.
"But what's the matter with that old tugboat of yours?"

"Engine gone smash," shouted back the elder man, his late sarcasm exchanged for a white heat of rage.

Bennet smiled: he could afford to do it now, and lit a cigarette with great care.

"Where are you from?" he asked at legant tell him that I can recommend

denly became anxious. What was that in the south ard? The other captain could not have seen it. He made answer.

The elder man's face beamed, and he stroked the fag ends of his goat beard lovingly. "I'm glad you don't bear no spite," he said, pleasantly. "What would you tow me for?"

Bennet lazily swung himself over the railing of the bridge and smoked placification in the face of the Militades made no intelligible reply; he beat the rail and stamped on the bridge for five minutes, and when he had shouted himself hoarse and blue in the face, called to the mate and engineer of his ship.

Bennet watched him with an amused smile, and when another five minutes had been registered and still no answer came from the other ship, he thought it time to follow up the every-day motto delivered to him from the hairy-faced man twenty-four hours previosly: "Do unto other as others do unto you." So he halled the bridge with some show of impatience.

"I can't wait here all night for that old only the order of the strain of the calleds." My oranges, as you well know, may go bad."

Bernet azily swung himself over the tables in the haur resist it." muttered Bennet, "aithough it is not wise, it the hour of triumph over your elemny, to be too sarcastic—for the tables may yot turn." He looked hard and carnestly astern. Where three faint lines and the bulge of a steamer's funnel pricked the clouds.

Meanwhile the Tudor and her beit were connected, during which the owner and master of the Militades grounded at 2's folly. It was the moral of the proceedings that hurt him most.

So, with all arranged. Bennet rang up his engines "full," and shouted down the engine room tube, "Mr. Jamieson, some ditry weather's coming on. Give it her for all she's worth. You save the oranges and Fill save your neck. Though you began, "I can't wait here all night for that old